

# EXHIBIT 15

The Honorable Frederic Block  
United States District Judge  
Eastern District of New York  
225 Cadman Plaza East  
Brooklyn, NY 11201

Dear Judge Block,

My name is [REDACTED], I am 15 years old and am one of John Simonlacaj's many lucky nieces. Since birth, I have been graced with the privilege of having someone like John that I can refer to as a second father to me. Throughout my life, this man has set the prime example of the type of work, family, and society member that I would like to grow to be. His interactions and way of speaking with not only me and my cousins, but with all of those around him have helped me become the person I am today. When I was young, I was a shy, timid girl. I wouldn't speak up, even making eye contact was hard. One weekend, my uncle John took me and a few cousins upstate with him, which he did often, would later develop to be one of my most vivid memories from my entire childhood. The car ride there was filled with Elvis's music, "Bulldog" was on the radio as he taught me to dance like a robot, and made me laugh like I had never laughed before. He never mocked my dance moves, and often asked my opinions on cool looking cars as we drove past them. We stopped at Cracker Barrel for breakfast, where he encouraged me to order my own food, something I would have never done voluntarily. As I look back on moments like these, the way my uncle cherished my opinions and pushed me outside my comfort zone has translated into the type of person I am right now, thoughtful and strong willed, similar to him.

An aspect of my uncle that holds every ounce of my respect is his genuine selflessness and desire to help others. Twice or so a year, John takes a couple of us cousins in his pickup truck to the nearest BJ's, or Costco, and we spend countless hours and thousands of dollars in the store picking up hundreds of boxes of canned foods and cases of water to load into the back of the truck. We then take the ride to a Catholic missionary in the Bronx, one that provides food daily to the homeless and to those in need. The Nuns there know my uncle personally, and although he goes more than once every year, they are still as ecstatic to see him as if it was his first time doing such a thing. Through his acts of kindness, my uncle brings joy to the church community, and hopefully provides a meal for those who can't afford it themselves. In taking that

journey with John I not only developed my biceps, but also a feeling of helping others, one that cannot be topped. Lifting all those boxes that my uncle bought with the money out of his pocket seemed like a chore at first, but as he explained the good it would do for that community I was eager to continue. As I grow older and gain an income of my own, I hope to continue this tradition my uncle has begun, but until then I focus on ways to give back to others however I can, in an effort to one day be even half the person my uncle has proven himself to be to my family and to the community around him.

I know that my uncle is a good person, so I ask kindly that you be as lenient as possible when making your decision.

Respectfully,

A solid black rectangular box used to redact the signature of the sender.